Above the city of illuminated towers,
Wherefrom a web of greenery
Transforms the reddish soil
As Genesis progresses.
A lovely sight is it,
But you must bid farewell to it and leave,
And that will be the last of human constructs which you'll pass.

He.
The very last?

The Voice.
The last but one surviving Voyager,
Out of the Voyagers of golden hopes,
But that is still to come.
Go on,
And head for mighty Jupiter;
The giant of undying storms
Who in its region holds
The ice-covered Europa moon,
Where hidden oceans,
Excited by volcanic heat,
Give sustenance to incandescent woods
Inhabited by creatures that would make you faint
And fall into the solemn depths,
But do not halt;
Pass by,
And gently skirt the rings of glittering
Magnificence that lie ahead,
Where, some way in, the misty peach of Titan
Harbors tiny life-forms in its juicy heart
Which are as quaint as any you have ever seen.
But keep your curiosity in check;
Move on,
And when you hear a chilling hymn,
Let the nature of the Sirens come to mind,
And stay away from where it emanates;
The two volupt'ous sisters in the shades of blue;
Do not even acknowledge their existence;
Head off fast and leave the realm of planets
Circling the Sun forever;
Never will your sight
Distinguish them again.